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DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 58.)

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DEBORAH;

[L I A H ,]

Or, The Jewish Maiden's Wrong.

A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

BY CHARLES SMITH CHELTNAM.

Author of "A Fairy's Father," "More Precious than Gold," "Aurora Floyd,"
 &c.

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT THE ROYAL VICTORIA THEATRE, LON-
DON, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MESSRS. FRAMP-
TON & FENTON, ON TUESDAY, JULY, 10, 1864.

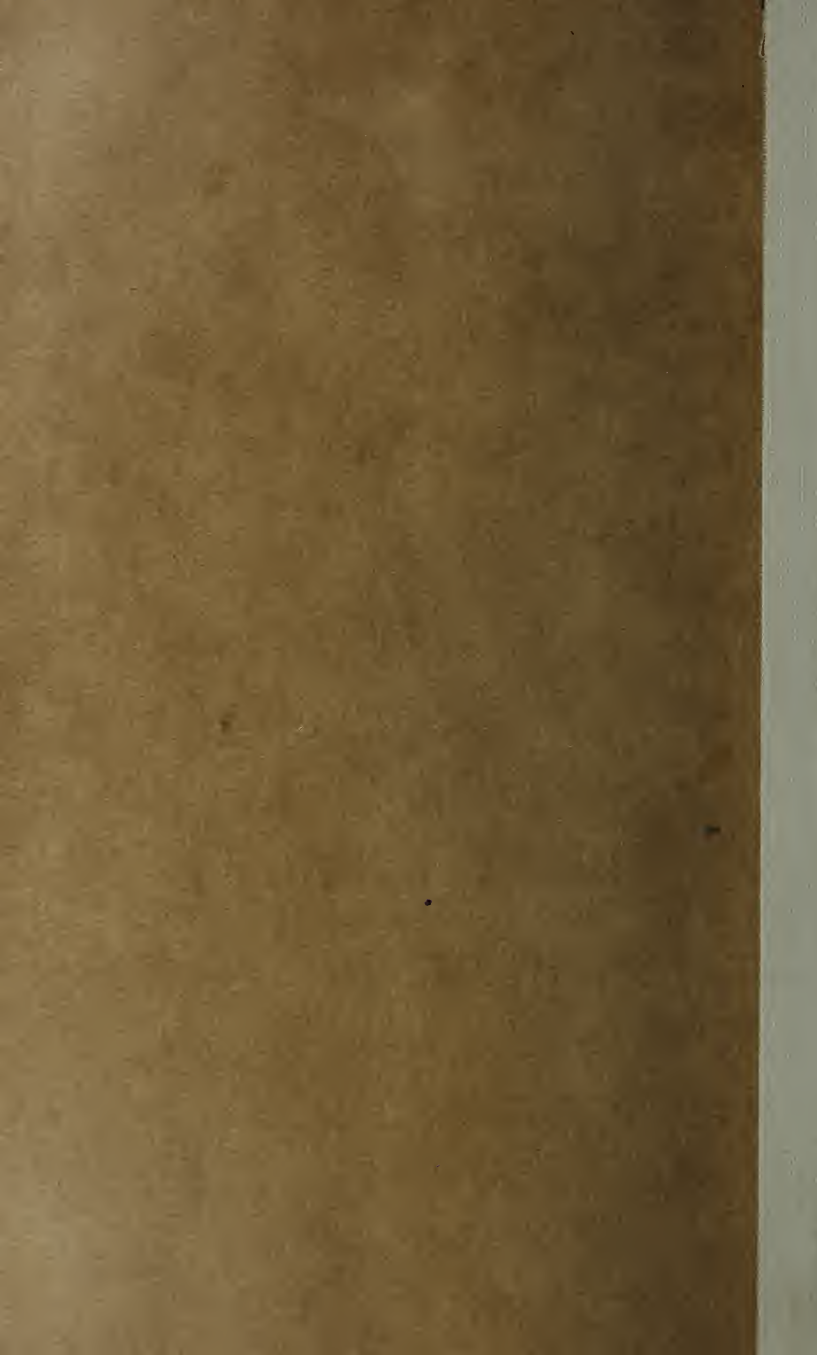
TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—
Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and
the whole of the Stage Business.

NEW YORK

THE DE WITT PUBLISHING HOUSE

A COMPLETE DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF DE WITT'S ACTING
PLAYS and DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMAS, containing
Plot, Costume, Scenery, Time of Representation, and all other information, mailed
free and post-paid on application.



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NEW YORK

THE DE WITT PUBLISHING HOUSE

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

*Royal Victoria Theatre,
London, July 12, 1864.*

Lorenz, Burgomaster of the Village.....	Mr. GEORGE ROSE.
Joseph, his Son.....	Mr. J. H. FITZPATRICK.
The Schoolmaster, an Apostate Jew.....	Mr. BASIL POTTER.
The Pastor.....	Mr. BROWNLOW HILL.
Peter, a Farm Servant.....	Mr. GEORGE YARNOLD.
Abraham, an old blind Jew.....	Mr. J. B. JOHNSTONE.
Reuben, an Emigrant Jew.....	Mr. R. MARCHANT.
Deborah, a Jewess.....	Miss JULIA SEAMAN.
Anna, Niece to the Pastor.....	Miss MARIA DALY.
Martha, a Fanatical Old Woman.....	Mrs. W. DALY.
Jewess.....	Miss ROBERTS.
Rose, a Villager.....	Miss E. FARREN.
Little Deborah, Child to Anna and Joseph.....	Miss MARCHANT.
Villagers, Male and Female, and Children, Gipsies ditto, Emigrant Jews ditto.	

The Scene passes in and about a Styrian village in the early part of the last century. A week supposed to elapse between the first and second acts, and five years between the second and third acts.

TIME OF PLAYING—TWO HOURS AND FIFTEEN MINUTES.

NOTE.—Managers are requested to advertise this Piece by its full title.

SCENERY.

ACT I., Scene 1.—At the back, L., a small church, slightly raised upon a rock,

Background, mountains and a stream.



A small church raised — on a rock.

Steps. —

□ □
Rustic houses.
□ □

□ □
Rustic houses.
□ □

with a winding path from the door; rustic houses overshadowed by lime trees. R. and L.; in the back-ground, mountains and a stream.

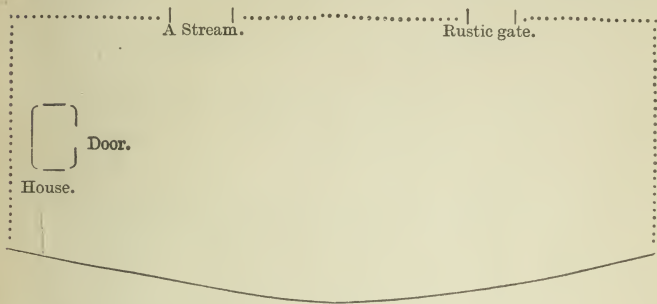
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ACT I., *Scene 2.*—A wood ; a ruined stone cross, L. ; night.

ACT I., *Scene 3.*—A room in Lorenz' house ; night ; a table with two chairs, L. C.

ACT I., *Scene 4.*—A rocky hillside, beneath which is a miserable hut, R. ; a stormy night, distant thunder and lightning.

ACT I., *Scene 5.*—A farm yard, house with door, R. ; the front covered with vines ;

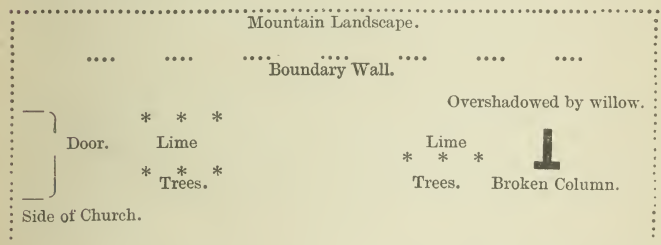


corn-stacks, &c. ; a rustic gate at back, L. C., from which a path leads over the side of a low hill ; at the outer side of the path, R. C., a stream, breaking over rocks ; night ; storm continued.

ACT II., *Scene 1.*—A room in the schoolmaster's house. A table, C., a large easy chair, R. C.

ACT II., *Scene 2.*—A room in the pastor's house. Large open door, L.

ACT II., *Scene 3.*—A church-yard ; the side of the church, R. ; the windows lit



from within ; a small door half covered with foliage ; lime trees on either side ; a broken column, L., overshadowed by a willow ; at back the boundary wall ; mountain landscape beyond ; sunset.

ACT III., *Scene 1.*—A room in the schoolmaster's house, same as Scene 1st, Act II. A table and easy chair, C., another chair, L. C.

ACT III., *Scene 2.*—The border of a pine forest on the river Mur ; evening.

ACT III., *Scene 3.*—A wood path ; evening.

ACT III., *Scene 4.*—The farm-yard, same as Scene 5, Act I. ; a well with a bucket and horn drinking-cup, L. S E. ; two rustic stools near house door, R. : fiery sunset striking upon the waters of the stream and upon the hill side.

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COSTUMES.

LORENZ.—A heavy skirted brown coat, long waistcoat, trunks to the knee, stockings, shoes, and conical hat.

SCHOOLMASTER.—Same as Lorenz, but of a gray color.

PASTOR.—Same description, all black.

PETER.—Brown jacket, red vest, brown trunks, gray stockings, shoes, and round felt hat.

JOSEPH.—*First Dress*: Brown jacket, red vest, dark blue trunks, stockings, shoe and round felt hat. *Second Dress*: Same description, but of a lighter color.

ABRAHAM.—Old Gaberdine, stockings, shoes, and hat.

RUEBEN.—Gaberdine, stockings, shoes, and hat.

DEBORAH.—*First Dress*: White bodice, brown skirt, turban, and scarf for waist. *Second Dress*: Gray.

ANNA.—*First Dress*: Black velvet body, with colored trimming, red skirt. *Second Dress*: White, of the same description. *Third Dress*: Dark blue, with colored trimming.

MARTHA.—Black body, brown skirt, and black velvet cap.

ROSE.—Same as Anna.

PROPERTIES.

A silver ring, key, bag of money, bag containing potatoes, bread, &c., purse of gold, bridal wreath, bouquet of flowers, bouquets for peasants, rosary, traveller's wallet, staff, bucket, horn drinking-cup, basket of strawberries.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. C. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Groove.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
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 The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience

[For Synopsis see pages 32 and 33.]

DEBORAH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Village ; at the back, L., a small church, slightly raised upon a rock, with a winding path from the door ; rustic houses, overshadowed by lime trees, R. and L. ; in the background, mountains and a stream.*

The last strains of the Easter Hymn are heard as the curtain rises, and the PLASANT CONGREGATION is leaving the church ; the WOMEN and CHILDREN loiter in knots ; the PASTOR, holding his niece ANNA by the hand, descends through the midst of his flock, who salute him reverently, the WOMEN kissing his hand, and the MEN taking off their hats to him ; OLD MARTHA seats herself on a block of stone—ANNA and the PASTOR advance to C.

ANNA. If there is any good in me, dear uncle, I owe it to your teaching, which has enlarged my heart and filled it with charity. Oh, if it were only granted me to be of service to the suffering !

PASTOR. Do not all suffer ?

ANNA. But some especially ; that poor woman of whom I have spoken of you, uncle.

PAS. The Jewess ?

ANNA. The mendicant.

PAS. She who has a young child ?

ANNA. And who is forsaken by all ! Dear uncle, if I might shelter her, and bring up her poor outcast child ?

PAS. You forget—we are not masters here in our village. To give shelter to this unfortunate creature and her child would be to make them a burthen on the commune ; and Jews——

ANNA. Fellow-creatures, uncle.

PAS. But lost sinners !

ANNA. Not lost in the sight of Heaven, uncle.

PAS. Well, well, dear child——

LORENZ and the SCHOOLMASTER *leave the church, and descend talking earnestly.*

See ! here comes the Burgomaster, with his friend the schoolmaster ; you know how they think respecting the unhappy race of Jews.

ANNA. I know, but yet I will speak to them. Papa Lorenz does not like to deny me anything.

LORENZ (R. C.). It's a scandal, Schoolmaster—a scandal ! On Good Friday, when every good Christian is at church, to be away vagabondizing, nobody knows where !

SCHOOLMASTER (R. C.). Joseph always had a restless spirit, and I have often feared for his religious steadfastness.

ANNA. Heaven be with you this good day, Papa Lorenz.

LOR. Endless good mornings to you, my dear! and to your reverence. (*taking off his hat*) I'm hurt, Pastor, that my graceless boy should not have been at church this morning to hear your beautiful sermon.

PAS. Do not be angry with him, Burgomaster; Joseph was always a well-conducted youth, and may have had good reasons for being absent from church.

ANNA. Before you accuse him, papa, hear what he has to say for himself; and you may have to praise instead of blame him. But first listen to me. I have a great favor to ask of you.

LOR. What can my little Anna ask that I will not grant, if it is in my power to do so?

Some of the PEASANTS approach and speaks to PASTOR, who retires with them to back of the stage.

ANNA. First, papa, you must promise to listen to me patiently.

LOR. Chatter away to your heart's content, my dear; to-day is a holiday, even for the Burgomaster! and your talk is sure to be pleasanter to him than his own thoughts just now.

ANNA. Perhaps you already know, papa Lorenz, that, in a wretched hovel, on the other side of the wood yonder, a poor woman has lately given birth to three children, for whom she can scarcely find means of subsistence! Well, I was on my way to take her some clothing, milk, and bread for her poor infants, when at a turn in the path I came upon a beggar-woman, pressing a little child to her bosom. Her look was strange and wild, and she fixed an eager gaze upon the milk I was carrying, but she seemed too proud to beg, for she seized the vessel and looked into my face without uttering a word. Finding I did not oppose her, she gave drink to the child in her arms. Without thinking of what I was doing, I then gave her the bread and the clothes I was carrying. She said nothing, but took my hand and raised it to her lips. I ask her if the child was hers; she answered that it was not. "Of what nation are you?" I asked her. "I am a Jewess!" she answered. (*the SCHOOLMASTER moves restlessly*) I started! The poor woman's eyes flashed, and she sprang to her feet crying, "I knew you did not know me, or your charity would not have been so bountiful! Yes, I am a Jewess—banished from Hungary with my people—our wretched hovels burnt and we compelled to fly for our lives! I have guided the steps of a woman who in this wood has prematurely become a mother! Hunted from the dwellings of mankind, we have sought shelter with the beasts of the wilderness!"

S. MAST. And you quite forgot the Christian woman to whom you were bearing milk and bread?

ANNA. Pressing want was before my eyes: could I withhold drink from the poor child's parched lips while I inquired as to its parents' religious faith?

LOR. Let her tell her story, Schoolmaster.

ANNA. I have no more to tell; but, good Papa Lorenz, I have now to ask you the favor I told you of. I want your permission, as Burgomaster of the village, to receive this unfortunate creature amongst us.

S. MAST. (*greatly moved*). What! Bring a Jewess into our village?

ANNA (*to LORENZ*). Let me bring up the poor little child!

S. MAST. Was ever such a thing heard! (*calling*) Here Pastor, listen to your niece!

LOR. Come, come, Schoolmaster! hear the child out.

S. MAST. (R). Not another word, Burgomaster. Take a Jewess and her child amongst us! Here, where we are at least a century in advance of the surrounding country in enlightenment—into this district, whence the Jews were driven a hundred years ago. Impossible!

ANNA. Don't let the Schoolmaster talk me down, dear Papa Lorenz!

LOR. The subject is a very grave one, m' dear; I must take time to think about it.

ANNA. Be charitable and just.

S. MAST. That's the difficulty. It's the question of a principle—the maintenance of the law—of the law!

ANNA. Of the law which says "Love thy neighbor!"

Crosses to L. C., PASTOR comes forward surrounded by PEASANTS, in the midst of whom is OLD MARTHA.

PAS. (C.). Good people, my niece merely wishes to give shelter to a poor woman and her child for a short time.

MARTHA (R. C.). The evil one does not need a long time to do his work! (*coughing every now and then with feebleness*) A Jewess in our village! That old Martha should ever have lived to hear of such a thing! Neighbors! do you wish to have your springs poisoned, as they were by those infidels in the year 1600? Do you wish your infants to be all strangled, or infected with small pox—or stricken with deformity? Pastor, you ought to blush to think of so perverting our religion? We've reached a pretty pass, when our Pastor, even on Good Friday, dares to talk of bringing Jews amongst this flock!

PEASANTS (*pressing forward*). Where is she—where is this Jewess? Burgomaster! it's your duty to see to this!

LOR. Good people!

MAR. (*turning to PEASANTS*). We want no witches and child-murderers amongst us!

PEAS. No, no! Let's find the Jewess! (*tumult.*)

PAS. My children! good people, hear me!

MAR. Don't listen to him, neighbors; our Pastor is no better than an infidel! (*increased tumult.*)

ANNA. For heaven's sake—good Martha—friends! Do hear me! Do not let this poor woman suffer for my interference in her behalf!

[*A number of the PEASANTS hurry off, L.*

LOR. Stay, good people, I command you!

VOICES (*without*). The Jewess! The Jewess! (*continued clamor.*)

ANNA (*to PASTOR*). Oh, uncle—see! Protect the poor woman, do not let them maltreat her!

OMNES. The Jewess! The Jewess!

DEBORAH rushes in wildly, L., pursued by a crowd of PEASANTS, she stops suddenly, C., and draws herself up proudly.—The SCHOOLMASTER glares at her wildly, then steals off, L., trembling with terror.

DEBOR. I am a Jewess! What want you of me?

MAR. (R.). Vagabond! What are you doing in this village?

DEBOR. (*looking slowly at the faces around her*). I am seeking—(*shaking her head and dropping her voice*)—no one—nothing!

ANNA (*seizing her hand*). She is seeking food!

DEBOR. No, I came not to beg! (*glancing around fearfully—aside*) He is not here! (*going.*)

MAR. Don't let her get off, neighbors, till she has confessed what

brought her prowling about the village! But no need of her confession --I'll tell you. To-morrow the Jews keep their hideous Easter Feast at which (*mysteriously*) they sacrifice Christian children in their infernal rites! (*DEBORAH starts and shudders with horror*) See there! See how she rolls her eyes and trembles. Defend yourself, Jewess, if you can! (*DEBORAH shakes her head.*)

PEAS. Into the stream with her! Death to the Jewess!

LOR. (*interposing*). My good men! Martha! Are you mad?

PEAS. To the stream with her! (*great clamor.*)

PAS. Listen to me, my children!

ANNA (*beseechingly*). Good friends!

MARTHA and PEASANTS. To the stream! Stone her! Death to the Jewess!

PAS. (*forcing his way between the crowd and DEBORAH, who stands immovable, pale and statue-like*). Men, Women, are you all mad? What harm has this woman done to you?

MAR. The voice of the people is the voice of Heaven!

PAS. The voice of Heaven speaks by the lips of its ordained minister. Misguided creatures, back! Daughter of Judea, tremble no more; a Christian priest stretches forth his saving hand! (*he is about to place his hand upon her head—she utters a low cry, and crouches trembling violently.*)

MAR. Ah! see! see her shrink from a Christian's touch!

PEAS. Stone her! stone the impious wretch!

PAS. (*keeping back the crowd*). My children remember! "Let him among you who is without sin cast the first stone." *the crowd shrink back slowly and moodily.*)

SEVERAL VOICES. She wont escape us!

PAS. (*when all have fallen back, crossing to R.*). Go your way in peace. (*DEBORAH turns slowly away—the CROWD murmurs.*)

LOR. (*to PASTOR*). Let us guard her to the boundary of the district; her life is not safe.

MAR. (c.). We've a pretty kind of Pastor, and a Burgomaster to match. (*murmurs again—DEBORAH moves across the stage to L.—meets JOSEPH as he enters, L.*)

DEBOR. (*in a low agitated tone*). Joseph!

JOS. (*in the same tone*). Deborah! you here!

DEBOR. I came to seek you.

JOS. I have been seeking you—far away.

DEBOR. And I find you but to part from you! (*hesitatingly.*) Farewell—till we meet again.

JOS. In the wood, by the ruined cross.

DEBOR. Heaven preserve you! Adieu!

JOS. Away! away, Deborah. [*Exit DEBORAH, L.—the PEASANTS, with OLD MARTHA, go off at different sides, talking and gesticulating.*]

LOR. (c., to JOSEPH, angrily). So! you have found your way back, after scandalizing your father and the whole congregation by your absence from church. This evening, Pastor, I'll ask you to give me half an hour at my house. (*turning to JOSEPH*) I shall then have a serious word to say to you.

JOS. (L. c.). I shall not be at home this evening, father.

LOR. Indeed! and why, may I ask?

JOS. If I were free to tell you, father, I would do so without being questioned.

LOR. Very well—very well! take your own wild course! But mark me, you may one day find it more difficult to win back your father's love than it was to lose it. Understand meanwhile, that it is my wish that you

should remain at home this evening. [*Exit with PASTOR, R.—JOSEPH wrings his hands with an expression of grief.*]

ANNA (*pleading, crossing to him*). Obey our father, Joseph.

JOS. I cannot.

ANNA. Where are you going again this evening?

JOS. Must I be questioned even by you, Anna?

ANNA. There was a time Joseph, when you confided in me without need of question on my part! Have we not always confided in each other? (*JOSEPH sighs*) See this silver ring: you bought it for me, the first time you went to market, five years ago.

JOS. Those were happy days, Anna.

ANNA. Ah! Joseph, if they are less happy now——

JOS. (*he paces to and fro for a moment and then takes her hand*). Anna——

ANNA. There is something on your mind.

JOS. Something on my mind!

ANNA. Oh, yes! I can see it plainly. But tell me the cause of your disquiet. You are no longer happy beneath your father's roof. It almost seems as if some evil spirit had seized upon you. You are ever anxious, and wander about nearly as restlessly as that poor Jewess who was here just now.

JOS. What was she doing here?

ANNA. I do not know. But oh! they threatened to kill the poor creature.

JOS. (*starting*). To kill her! Who?

ANNA. All

JOS. Oh, heavens! Farewell, Anna! (*going toward L.*)

ANNA. (*holding him*). Stay, Joseph! Think of your father's wish!

JOS. (*releasing himself*). I must go! I must! (*hurries out L.*)

ANNA (*looking after him, sadly*). Heaven and the Virgin watch over and protect him.

Scene closes in.

SCENE II.—*A Wood; a ruined Stone Cross, L.; night.*

Enter DEBORAH, slowly, L.

DEBOR. (C.). Oh, gentle silence of night! how grateful art thou to the troubled soul—how balm-like healing! The weary mother and her child sleep in yonder hut, and blind old Abraham lies at the threshold—a sightless guardian! They need me not; angels watch over the sleeping! Come, Joseph! I wake and wait for thee with love-laden heart, and thoughts that turn to prayers for thee! Come, love, and find a prayer upon my lips! (*she is about to kneel, but suddenly sees the cross, and rushes from it to R. C., trembling*) Why do I always tremble when I behold this symbol? as if my gaze had rested on a spectre! (*moonlight streams down upon the spot where she is standing*) Oh! tranquil-faced moon, I turn to thee and darkness leaves my soul! Hail! to thee, whom I have known from my life's earliest years when, with sacred taper in my hand, I followed my father in the clear night and heard him bless thy divine refulgence! And as he lifted up his hands and prayed, (*raising her hands*) so I—but not for scattered Israel nor devastated Zion—pray to thee, for him who is my life's life! (*she stands statue-like, gazing upwards.*)

Enter JOSEPH, L.

JOS. (*going to C.*). Deborah!

DEBOR. (*turning and rushing into his arms*). Joseph!

JOS. (*embracing her*). My poor heart!

DEBOR. Oh, no! not poor, when I have thee! Press my hand, sweet love! look into my eyes! one kiss! (*she kisses him*) Poor! is there on earth a queen so rich as I?

JOS. My own one!

DEBOR. Tell me you love me, Joseph.

JOS. Love you!

DEBOR. I know you do!—have known it even from the day when, and when only, I questioned you as to your religious faith, and you answered me—"Deborah, God is love!"

JOS. Yes, yes, I love you, Deborah, with a love that holds no terms with other hopes or other faith! that binds my reason, my feelings, and my will, as in the bondage of a sweet spell!

DEBOR. Oh, Joseph, so be it!—if you can teach yourself to know all the sweetness treasured in this mystery! Such, in the old, happy time, was the veiled sanctuary of Solomon's temple! Such are the rich pearls and corals that lie in the unbounded depths of the sea, unprofaned by the eyes of men! Within the folded wings of this angelic mystery we are to each other all that is. Let us turn our faces to the promised land and take our way, blessing heaven and rejoicing!

JOS. Yes, love, we will go! You have burst asunder the fetters of prejudice that held me a dull slave to others' wills! Henceforth, I share with you the wide world which heaven made free, and gave for its sole ruler—love! (*speaking quickly*) Eight days journey hence will bring us to the sea; beyond, there lies a virgin land, where no religion tramples on the sanctity of love. There we will till a patch of Heaven's own earth, and worship Heaven in the perfection of our human happiness! Deborah, you weep!

DEBOR. No, I but breathed a prayer—that we may never outlive this moment's transport!

JOS. Amen to that sweet prayer! I am now resolved and happy. To-night I will reveal all to my father.

DEBOR. To your father?

JOS. Yes, Deborah, I will do my duty as a son—though I have no hope of bending my father's opposition. You saw to-day how they are blinded—even to threatening you, my beloved, with death!

DEBOR. I heard nothing—my thoughts were with you!

JOS. I have resolved to be a priest of the rights of man, and it shall be so! If my father will not listen to me, I will cross the seas with my love. (*embracing her*) Oh, Deborah! will you follow me?

DEBOR. As the shadow waits upon the sun! But, oh, Heaven! what will become of my aged companion, and of the infant? I am everything to them—hands, feet, eyes! How shall I leave them? (*looking off, L., sadly.*)

JOS. Deborah!

DEBOR. I follow you! I follow you!

JOS. My wife! At midnight, by the garden hedge, where the aged lime tree grows, and the roads cross, I will await you, and from that spot we will start upon our new life-path! You will come?

DEBOR. I will come! I will come!

JOS. Mine, then, dear one, for ever!

DEBOR. (*placing her hands upon his head*). May heaven prosper thee, love. Farewell!

JOSEPH moves a few steps, L., then turns and they rush into each other's arms. After a last passionate embrace, exit JOSEPH, R., DEBORAH, more slow-

ly, L. The moonlight fades away, as if a cloud had passed over the moon's face. As soon as the stage is dark, the SCHOOLMASTER creeps stealthily across, following JOSEPH's steps.

SCENE III.—*A Room in LORENZ's House ; night ; a table with two chairs,*
L. C.

Enter ANNA and JOSEPH, R.

ANNA (*soothingly*). Come, come, Joseph, for my sake, take courage—he is already much better.

JOS. (*c., gloomily*). A curse is on me !

ANNA. Do not say so. No, no ! such dreadful words never rose to your father's lips. Ah, Joseph, if you had not kept your secret so closely locked in your own breast—

JOS. What could confession have done ? Oh, Anna ! when her great eyes looked into the depths of my soul, and awakened into life the germ of love which they first discovered there, their gaze possessed me as with a talismanic power, from which I could never more free my spirit ! And when I saw her sufferings—saw her hunted upon the face of the earth—what could I but pray to be the angel of her salvation ? Forgive me, Anna, if I have ceased to be—

ANNA. Hush, Joseph ! love her, and let my consolation be in helping you to soften the rigors of her fate.

JOS. Dear Anna !—ha ! my father !

ANNA (*taking his hand*). Come and meet him.

JOS. I dare not !

Enter LORENZ, R., leaning on the PASTOR's arm ; he is pale, as if he had recently been ill. ANNA stands by his side, the PASTOR, R. C.

LOR. (*seating himself, c.*). Joseph, my son ! (*JOSEPH rushes to him*) I bless you ! you see my wicked passion is past ! Tell me all your secret, that I may know how best to show you how much I love you !

JOS. (*rising*). Let me still remain silent, father.

LOR. You love this Jewess, then ?

JOS. I do, father.

LOR. I am calm, you see. I will make no attempt to move you by words ; but, reflect, Joseph, that another such fit as that which struck me down this evening might leave you alone in the world, and this reflection may bring back to your mind the recollection of other love and other duty. (*JOSEPH grasps his hand*) Oh ! call up the image of this woman ! then say whether for it you will leave all else who love you ! This woman, Joseph—she will not even kneel with you at your father's grave, because the cross above it will scare her thence !

JOS. Oh, father—Pastor ! could you see into my heart and know how dearly I love you all ! Oh ! could you understand how deeply—how irrevocably—my love is pledged to her ! But tell me what I should do, and Heaven will aid me to do it.

PAS. The trial will be a bitter one, my son !

JOS. Tell me my duty.

LOR. Do you seriously trust in this woman's love, Joseph ?

JOS. As I trust in Heaven itself !

LOR. Poor boy ! Do you think that for no consideration she would be induced to leave you ?

JOS. Father !

LOR. Throughout the world her race are notoriously greedy of money ; how, if for a good round sum—

JOS. Father ! for Heaven's sake spare me the pain of listening to such words !

LOR. I have lived longer in the world than you, Joseph, and fancy I have seen something more of mankind. Will you let me put her to this proof ?

JOS. Father, I feel my heart scorched with shame !—but I have no longer any will of my own. Do as you please.

Enter the SCHOOLMASTER, L.

S. MAST. (R. c). Why this is well, Burgomaster—on your feet again ! *(aside to him, mysteriously)* I have more news to tell you !

LOR. Speak out, my friend ; there are no longer any secrets among us. Joseph, take this key, *(gives key)* and in the safe in my room here, you will find a bag of money—go and fetch it for me. *(JOSEPH goes out, R., wrapped in thought)* Now, Schoolmaster, I want you to find out this Jewess.

S. MAST. That I can easily do ; for I have discovered these wretches' haunt.

PAS. *(anxiously)*. You will let me or Anna go with him ?

ANNA *(pleadingly)*. Yes ; let me go with him !

LOR. No ; let him go alone. I am about to act upon your suggestion, Schoolmaster, and send her a sum of money, which I wish to give her, on condition that she immediately takes her departure.

ANNA. Do not speak too severely to her, good Schoolmaster.

PAS. There is no need to terrify her, poor creature.

S. MAST. Trust me, I will do my errand, and it will be a labor of love to free the air of our village from the contamination of her Jewish breath !

Re-enter JOSEPH, with a bag of money, which he gives to his father.

LOR. Do nothing but offer her the money, and await her answer. *(gives bag to SCHOOLMASTER.)*

S. MAST. Leave all to me, Burgomaster. *(aside)* To-night my tortures shall be ended. *[Exit, L.]*

LOR. *(rising)*. Come, Pastor, let us have a bottle before you leave us ! I feel strong again, since my boy is likely to be himself once more ! Go into my room, children. *(JOSEPH sighs and goes out, R., followed by ANNA watching him anxiously)* Do they not look, those two, Pastor as if Heaven had made them for man and wife ? Shall we ever live to see them wedded ? *[Exeunt, R.]*

SCENE IV.—*A rocky hillside, beneath which is a miserable hut, R ; a stormy night ; distant thunder and lightning.*

Enter DEBORAH, L., leading ABRAHAM, and carrying a bag.

ABRAHAM. Does the moon shine, Deborah ?

DEBOR. (c.). It struggles with the clouds.

ABRAH. Set my face towards it, daughter. *(DEBORAH does so.)*

Enter a JEWESS, from the hut

JEWESS (R.). Have you brought us anything ?

DEBOR. *(giving bag)*. Yes ; potatoes, bread, and wine.

JEW. Where did you get them ?

DEBOR. Take them, and thank Heaven.

JEW. Blessings on your hand, but for which we should all have perished ! [Exit into hut.]

ABRAH. (*who has been standing with his face upraised*). Lead me to the door, Deborah. I am weary, and would rest.

DEBOR. Come, then.

ABRAH. (R. C.). Blessed be the hand that guides me ! Light streams from your fingers, Deborah, and when you are by me stars are in the darkness of my night, and my foot stumbles not ! (DEBORAH *leads him into the door of the hut.*)

DEBOR. (*turning from the door*). And when I am gone ? Eternal Heaven—no hand to feed the hungry mother—no hand to guide the sightless old man ! Yet do I go—yet, do I abandon them ; I belong no more to them or to myself ; I am his alone ! (*with fervor*) O Divine Father ! mercifully shelter these poor children of adversity, Thou, who art the shield of our people, the God of Israel ! (*she goes to the hut door and looks within*) Farewell ! (*bursts into tears*) Farewell ! Bear up, O, my heart ! Joseph I, am yours ! yours ! (*the storm seems to come nearer.*)

[Exit, R.]

Enter the SCHOOLMASTER, mysteriously.

S. MAST. (C.). This is the spot. For fifteen years I have lived in security—for fifteen years not one of this accursed race has come to bring danger to me ; and these shall be driven hence ! they shall not cloud my life ! Last night, a voice that seemed to call me by my former name, cried to me in my troubled sleep. I shut my ears and tried to fly from the terrific sound ; but a hand was laid upon my head and a Jewish face peered into mine, and a Jewish voice whispered mockingly, “I know your secret !” And instantly, the whole village was about me, and every man, woman, and child called me by that fatal name ! A life of such torture would be worse than ten thousand deaths ! I’ll free myself ! (*lightning and heavy thunder*) Ho, there ! (*going to R. and calling*) Ho, there !

JEW. (*at the hut door*). Good sir, what want you of your servant ?

S. MAST. Are there any more of you in this den ?

JEW. Only a poor blind man and a little infant ! We are doing no harm.

S. MAST. No harm ! Don’t you know that it is against the law for any Jew to pass the night in this district ?

JEW. We were on our way to Bohemia, when terror caused me to give birth to my infant.

S. MAST. How did you reach this hut ?

JEW. She brought us here.

S. MAST. She ?

JEW. Deborah, the daughter of the learned Rabbi David.

S. MAST. Well, you must away, the whole of you ! Where is this Deborah ?

JEW. In the vineyard, yonder. But, oh ! must we leave this place ?

S. MAST. Yes, and at once too ! (*lightning and thunder.*)

JEW. Have pity on us, worshipful sir.

S. MAST. You will be escorted over the district boundary, on the road to Bohemia.

JEW. (*surprised*). On the road to Bohemia ?

S. MAST. And you will be supplied with food by the way, and money besides.

JEW. (*joyfully*). And money ?

S. MAST. But you must take the other woman with you—this Deborah!

JEW. Money? Oh! she will come with us—why should she not? Food and money!

S. MAST. You must be off at once, and undertake never again to return.

JEW. (*calling*). Deborah! Deborah! Abraham! we are saved! Money!

S. MAST. You will answer for the other two? (*gives bag of money.*)

JEW. Oh, yes! and bless you in their name! (*counting the money*) Ten! twenty! thirty!—A thousand blessings on you, worshipful sir! Deborah! Deborah!

[*Exit into hut as ABRAHAM comes from the door.*]

ABRAH. (*coming from hut*). I hear a stranger's voice—and yet a voice that is not strange to me! (*thunder.*)

S. MAST. (*aside, nervously*). Who is this old man?

JEW. (*coming from the door, her child slung at her breast, and a bundle on her arm*). We have money, Abraham, and food, brought us by this worshipful man! Kiss our preserver's hand!

S. MAST. (*shrinking back*). I want no thanks—only away with you!

ABRAH. (R. C.). That voice! I recognize it now! At Presburg, there dwelt a man named Nathan, precentor of the school—

S. MAST. (*trembling—aside*). Who is this?

ABRAH. Nathan had a son—an apostate—who went away as a baptized Christian—

S. MAST. (*in wild excitement*). This old man is mad!

ABRAH. Leaving his father to die in want and misery! The old man died in my arms!

S. MAST. He's mad, I say! Begone—begone from this place for ever! (*thunder.*)

ABRAH. The tone of Nathan's last words is still fresh in my ears!

S. MAST. (*with increasing terror*). No more! Begone!

ABRAH. It is his voice that now speaks! You are Nathan's son!

S. MAST. Away with this madam, or the law shall take it's course, and drag you off to jail!

JEW. (*eagerly seizing ABRAHAM*). Come, come, father. (*hurries him off, L.*) He means no harm—no harm, worshipful sir!

S. MAST. (C.—*looks fearfully around, then covers his face with his hands*). My father dead—in want and misery! And this man knows my terrible secret! But no! they will never believe him! I, who have lived for fifteen years amongst them, scrupulous in all Christian observances, they would never believe this old man's story, even should he tell it! Let me be calm. No, no! I have nothing to fear, for I have seen the last of them! (*thunder, rain, and wind*) Courage, Nathan! you have but your own cowardice to dread. One word to the Burgomaster, to tell him that she is gone. No; I have nothing more to fear! [*Exit, R.*]

SCENE V.—*A farm-yard; house with door, R., the front covered with vines; corn-stacks, &c; a rustic gate at back, L. C. from which a path leads over the side of a low hill; at the outer side of the path, R. C., a stream, breaking over rocks; night; storm continued.*

Enter DEBORAH, over the hill-side, at back, and through the gate.

DEBOR. (*coming down to C.*). He comes not to the appointed spot, and he is not here! What doubt is this that fills me with terror? Will he not come? (*lightning*) Oh, is Heaven angry with me? Joseph! oh,

come to me, for my heart faints ! (*she staggers to the door, R., listens, then knocks timidly, LORENZ opens the door*) Ah, is it you, Joseph ?

LOR. Who is there ?

DEBOR. (*hiding herself beside the house, R.*). His father !

LOR. (*coming out and recognizing her*). What ! is it you ? (*she crosses to L. c.*) Have you not yet done harm enough to my poor son by your wicked acts, but do you want once more to lure him from his home and peace of mind ?

DEBOR. Home ! peace of mind !

LOR. You will labor in vain. At length he knows you ! knows that she who could forsake him for money, loved for money, lied for money !

DEBOR. All-seeing Heaven ; what is this mystery, of which thou knowest I know nothing ?

LOR. You know that money was offered to you, and joyfully accepted !

DEBOR. Money ! I have seen none ! I swear before Heaven ! (*thunder.*)

LOR. Dare not to provoke it's fiery anger ! but get you gone ! (*DEBORAH makes an appealing gesture*) Go, I say ! and trouble us no more ! (*goes towards door, R.*)

DEBOR. (*rushing to him*). Let me see him ! Oh, let me see him once again !

LOR. (*repulsing her*). Silence ! begone, I say again !

DEBOR. (*falling at his feet and embracing his knees*). Have mercy on me ! I must see him—and then—and then I will leave you.

Enter ANNA, from the house.

ANNA. What is the matter ? Ah ! you here ?

DEBOR. Thanks be to Heaven ! You are the kind woman who lately gave drink to the thirsting. Oh, I am now athirst, and the springs of my life will dry up within me if you stretch not forth your hand. If you believe in love, bring him—oh, bring him to me !

ANNA (*sadly*). I do believe in love ; but not in such as yours.

DEBOR. You also !

ANNA. I had pleaded for you, and was even prepared to give up to you my young life's treasure—the treasure you have bartered for a few vile pieces of gold !

DEBOR. (*moving to L. c., and putting her hand to her forehead*). Am I mad ? Gold ! gold ! what do I know of gold ?

ANNA (*softly*). I can only pity you. Go, and, if you can, be happy. (*goes towards the door—thunder.*)

DEBOR. (*sombrely*). Alas ! ill-deeds carry with them their own punishment ! I deserted them in the darkness of night, and in the darkness of the night am I now left desolate. No !

Enter JOSEPH, from the house.

JOS. (*c.*). You here !

DEBOR. (*rushing towards him*). The sun is new risen, and night, sin, and sorrow are passed away. What care I for others' thoughts of me, so long as I am known to you ?

JOS. (*shrinking from her*). Yes, known to me too well.

DEBOR. Joseph.

JOS. (*bursting into tears*). Farewell ! I forgive you that you have filled my soul with wretchedness—that you have torn me from a pure and innocent love—and left my heart to break.

DEBOR. (*pressing her hand to her heart*). Sustain me, Heaven.

JOS. Go ! and that you may not have come hither to take your leave

for nothing, add this to the gold you have already pocketed to-night. (*throws a purse at her feet, and hurries to door, though which LORENZ and ANNA have just passed.*)

DEBOR. (*almost shrieking*). Joseph! Joseph! (*she rushes to the door which is dashed in her face*) Joseph! (*she falls senseless—thunder and lightning.*)

CURTAIN.

A Week supposed to elapse between the First and Second Acts.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room in the SCHOOLMASTER'S House.—A table c., a large easy chair, R. C.*

The SCHOOLMASTER discovered dozing in the chair in a constrained posture. He is very pale and dishevelled.

Enter OLD MARTHA, L.

MAR. (*speaking as she enters*). Neighbor Schoolmaster. (*seeing him*) Heaven preserve us. Schoolmaster! (*going to him and trying to rouse him*) What ails you, neighbor?

S. MAST. (*waking and staring at her wildly*). You are not one of them.

MAR. Bless us, Schoolmaster! what has happened? I am Martha old Martha!

S. MAST. (*clutching her arm*). I know! I know. Tell me, are they gone? You've seen no more, heard no more of them?

MAR. Do not clutch me so tightly, good neighbor! Of whom are you speaking?

S. MAST. (*rises, comes forward with her, c., at the same time lowering his voice and looking round suspiciously*). Of—of those accursed Jews that were here a week ago. An old blind man amongst them. Heed me well, Martha, that old man lied! lied!

MAR. What said he, neighbor?

S. MAST. (*looking at her wildly*). You are a spy! Take care! take care! I'll not be driven mad by prowling spies and lying blind men!

MAR. Schoolmaster! let me fetch a doctor; you are ill. (*offering to go*)

S. MAST. (*seizing her*). No, no! you shall not leave my sight! I know—I see it in your face, you want to betray me.

MAR. Pray do not hurt me, neighbor! I am very old.

S. MAST. Old! he was old—but he lied. I tell you, he lied. Speak you the truth! How long have I lived in this village? Speak the truth.

MAR. Near fifteen years, good Schoolmaster.

S. MAST. That's right! Now, tell the truth again! swear it. In all that time—in sickness or in health—have I ever been remiss in my duties as—as a Christian? If you speak falsely I'll put a curse upon you! Beware!

MAR. (*terrified*). Indeed, indeed—no one has ever been more strict in his religious duties!

S. MAST. (*glaring at her wildly*). Ha! you are playing with words! As a Christian! as a Christian!

MAR. As a good Christian! I meant nothing else.

S. MAST. Swear it!

MAR. You terrify me, neighbor. What other meaning could my words have?

S. MAST. Swear you meant that I had done my duties as a Christian!

MAR. I swear it! I meant nothing else.

S. MAST. Take care you do not wander from that point, or change a word if others question you; for this lying old man has made me desperate. I'll not have my fifteen long years' work destroyed by a lying word! my life blasted!—I'll not be driven forth an outcast.

MAR. Heaven forbid! But calm yourself, neighbor.

S. MAST. I cannot! I cannot! I shall never be calm until I know that they are gone—till *he* is gone, or dead, or dead!

MAR. Let me send our Pastor to you.

S. MAST. No, no! he's dangerous! he'd bring them back, and that would drive me mad! or dye my hands in blood.

MAR. For Heaven's love, Schoolmaster, do not say such dreadful things.

S. MAST. Martha! you do not know what fear—what fear of a word, will drive innocent men to do! (*walking to and fro in half delirious excitement.*)

MAR. (C.). You terrify me.

S. MAST. (L. C.). If that old man's word, that now stuns me like the pealing of a great bell, were to fall on your ears!

MAR. (*shrinking from him*). Neighbor!

S. MAST. (*wildly*). Ha! what have I said?

MAR. Nothing! indeed you have told me nothing!

S. MAST. Why do you shrink from me then? why do you glare at me with horror, as if I were one of that accursed race! No! no! not that! Martha! you see that I am ill—my mind distempered—you must not heed my words, or looks; and you must not speak of what you have seen and heard. (*staggers to chair.*)

MAR. I promise you I will not.

S. MAST. (*sinking back into his chair and bursting into tears*). Pray for me, Martha! if I have at any time done evil, see how I repent with tears of agony! Pray for me!

MAR. (*kneeling by his chair and taking his hand soothingly*). Heaven bless us all! I pray for you neighbor! I pray for you!

Scene closes in.

SCENE II.—*A room in the PASTOR'S house. Large open door, L.*

Enter ANNA, R., in bridal dress, a wreath in her hand.

ANNA (C.). I know not why I am anxious and heavy-hearted. Oh! have I done wrong? Have I not a claim to him, founded on the inexpressible love I feel for him? (*surveying herself*) How gayly they have dressed me! Beloved flowers—gathered from the grave of my parents—(*kissing the flowers in her bosom*)—come with me to the altar, as if you were the spirits of the dear departed watching over me. (*putting on her wreath*) Be you my father's hand laying a blessing on my head! Oh! how my heart grows lighter! Parents, I thank you!

Enter JOSEPH, also in bridal attire, door L.

JOS. My gentle wife!

ANNA (*holding out both hands to him*). My husband!

JOS. Oh, Anna! have you with all your heart forgiven me?

ANNA. Forgiven you, Joseph?

JOS. Forgiven me for ever having loved—

ANNA. Hush! Speak no more of that. I prayed then that you might be happy!

JOS. And I am happy, Anna—happy through you! It was your hand delivered me. Ah! let me kiss and hold it to my heart forever!

ANNA (*smiling*). You'll think no more of crossing the seas?

JOS. (*with passionate expression*). On my knees I beg forgiveness of this kind land that gave me birth, for ever having thought of deserting it! No, no; my heart shall never again know one desire that would tempt it beyond the shadow of the old lime trees that grow about your home! You are henceforth my world, Anna!

ANNA. It shall be a bright world to you, Joseph, if boundless love can make it bright!

JOS. And should the recollection of the past ever return?

ANNA. It shall bring no darkness with it! Only believe that no one ever loved you so fondly and truly as I. (*sounds of violins playing a simple march without*) Let us go in, dear. Here come the neighbors.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

Enter OLD MARTHA door, L., holding a rosary in her hand; ROSE, PETER, four FIDDLERS, and a crowd of PEASANTS, male and female, who group themselves about, the FIDDLERS keeping near the door. All wear bouquets.

MAR. (*C., to ROSE and PETER*). Bridesmaid, of course. Nothing less for Old Martha. Ha! ha! (*coughs*)

PETER (*L. C.*). And you've brought the happy pair a rosary, as you always do at a wedding, Martha.

MAR. Yes, yes. It gives good luck. There's not been a wedded pair in this village for fifty years past that hasn't had one of Old Martha's rosaries to carry to the altar with them, and bring them good luck ever afterwards

PETER (*fondly*). Rose.

ROSE (*coily*). Yes, Peter.

PETER. I was only going to say—

ROSE. Yes, Peter.

PETER. It's of no consequence just now.

MAR. Ha! ha! (*coughs*) Old Martha knows. Well, well, when your turn comes, you shall have a rosary for good luck, never fear. And my rosaries do bring luck! The thread the beads are strung upon is spun by an unstained virgin; there's no witchcraft employed in making them, but they are put together while three paternosters are being said. (*moves to R.*)

PETER. Rose!

ROSE (*carelessly*). Yes, Peter.

PETER. What I was going to say was—

ROSE. (*brightening*). Yes, Peter.

PETER. That—if you've no objection to make—

ROSE. No, Peter.

PETER. Here's the Burgomaster!

ONES. The Burgomaster!—the bridegroom's father!

Enter LORENZ, in holiday dress, door L.

LORENZ. (C.). Good day, friends all! You stand by me in the day of my joy, and I will stand by you in your times of both joy and trouble. You'll foot it with me to-day, Martha, as you did on my wedding day? The rosary you gave me was buried with my wife, and if this one which you are going to give my children only finds them as happy!—There! there! I know your rosaries always bring good luck. I'll not let a cloudy thought come into my head to-day. I'm so happy, I would rather dance than walk, rather sing than talk!

MAR. (R. C.). When the sun's too hot in the morning, it's like to rain in the evening. Better say a paternoster!

Enter, R., the PASTOR, in his robes, leading ANNA by the hand; JOSEPH follows; all take off their hats; movement of admiration and congratulation.

PAS. (C.). Here I part with you as your uncle, dear niece. I shall await you at the altar to pronounce the blessing I am permitted to convey from above. Farewell! (*kisses her*) You are not about to enter the dwelling of strangers. The man to whose bosom I confide you is the friend of your childhood, to whom you have brought back peace of heart, and tranquillity of life. Be always good and religious, and—if it is Heaven's will—you will be happy! (*ANNA kisses his hand; as he goes out the PEASANTS shake hands with him.*)

[*Exit, L. D.—a small peal of church bells heard without.*]

LOR. Come, children, come friends, to church! (*the four FIDDLERS place themselves at the door; LORENZ takes his place next them, followed by JOSEPH and ANNA, ROSE, PETER, and the rest bringing up the rear.*)

MAR. (C.). Stay all, one moment, till Old Martha has given the bridegroom and bride her present! (*places the rosary about the joined hands of JOSEPH and ANNA*) Take care of it—it will bring you luck! Do not let it fall during the wedding ceremony! Do not lose it—and do not break it! It preserves matrimonial felicity, and it guards the souls of the children and the children's children. Love one another! and sometimes say a paternoster for poor Old Martha! Now, to church!

LOR. To church! Music, strike up!

PETER. Rose! I've made up my mind to say to you—

ROSE (*eagerly*). Yes, Peter.

PETER. Never mind, now. I'll tell you presently. (*the FIDDLERS strike up a wedding march; the procession moves out at the door; a volley of guns fired; shouts; the sounds die away.*)

MAR. (C.). A good wedding! as good a one as ever I saw! It would have done our Schoolmaster good to have seen it, could he have dragged his poor sick limbs to church! He's strangely stricken down, our Schoolmaster! Heaven shield us! but I fear witchcraft! I'll go cheer him with the news when I've been to the church. Heaven send we've no witchcraft amongst us! (*hobbles out, L. D.*)

SCENE III.—*A Churchyard; the side of the church, R.; the windows lit from within; a small door half covered by foliage; lime trees on either side; a broken column, L., overshadowed by a willow; at back the boundary wall; mountain landscape beyond. Sunset.*

A crowd of PEASANTS, GIPSIES, &c., discovered, some lying on the ground, others looking off, R.—the GIPSIES execute a characteristic dance to the music of the zittern and tambourine; several old MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN going round to collect money—suddenly those looking off, R. call out "The Pastor! the Pastor?"—the dance is stopped—the PASTOR

enters, R., the crowd taking off their hats, he gives them his benediction, and passes into church through the side door—guns fired off, R.—shouts—PEASANTS cry “Here they come! the bride and bridegroom!” and all press forward to get a sight of the advancing wedding-party—Enter the four FIDDLERS playing, R., followed by LORENZ, JOSEPH and ANNA, PETER and ROSE, &c., &c.—the crowd shout—LORENZ throws some money to the GIPSIES, who scramble for it, shouting and laughing—he then, with JOSEPH, ANNA, and others, enters the church.

PETER (*lingering with ROSE*), I’ve been thinking as we came along, Rose—

ROSE (*brightly*). Lor, Peter! what?

PETER. Why, that as we are going to church to see a couple married, we might as well—as well—

ROSE. We might as well—take the opportunity—

PETER. That’s just what I’ve been thinking—might as well take the opportunity to—to—see whether they seem to like it.

ROSE (*nettled*). I think we’d better go into the church, before all the best places for seeing are taken, then.

PETER (*still lingering*). There was something else I thought of.

ROSE (*softening*). Yes, Peter.

PETER. No, I’d better not stop to tell you now, or we shall be too late. (*hurries with her into the church.*)

OLD MARTHA hobbles from R., and enters the church, followed by the rest of the crowd—during the action of the scene daylight has faded into twilight, the lights in the church-windows have become proportionately brighter—Enter DEBORAH from behind the broken column, pale, worn, and dishevelled.

DEBOR. (*coming forward to c.*). What do I seek? I know not—I know not! The arrow whistles through the air—but, at what ’tis levelled I know not. I must remain. Seven days have passed—the time we mourn for our dead. By the bier’s head we set a lamp, and at the dead one’s foot we crouch and weep. (*sits herself slowly, L.*) Seven days and seven nights have I wept here my dead love. (*with passionate grief*) Heaven—great Heaven! hast thou not made me, even as thou hast made my fellow-creatures? Hast thou not created love, like the air and light, to be for all thy children’s good alike? Thou took’st from me father and mother—thou left’st me alone and unfriended in thy great world, with love for my sole possession. Oh, why hast thou made thine own gift a torment? Even as I now blindly question, I questioned on the night when first I saw him! I cried, “Ah! wherefore was I created?”—and on mine eyes his form arose, a shape of light, before which my heart bowed in thankfulness to thee that thou hadst made me. (*with increasing fervor*) Tossed, beaten on the rocks of a stormy ocean, I touched the shore—for one moment—one blissful moment,—and the ruthless waters snatched me back into the furious breakers. No! I still live—(*rises*)—the waves have not engulfed me. I live—but (*passing her hand over her forehead*) broken!—broken! Let me be calm. When I saw him yesterday—no, not yesterday—no, a week ago—a week!—how passionate were his words. “Let us flee together,” he cried, and I deserted all who belonged to me—abandoned in the storm the mother, the helpless infant, and the blind old man, to follow him! I fled from all, to throw myself into his arms, and have no other tie on earth but him, and he—he took back his heart, and offered me money in its stead. And my heart still beats—I live still. (*with a faltering voice*) A fair girl led him away,

with smiles upon her lips!—he loves her!—he loves her, and the poor Jewess may go forth, with money to pay for her soul's wreck. (*darkly*) Not so! not so!—I will see him, and claim the reckoning, for promises made in Heaven's name. I will see him—the perfidious—(*bursting into tears*)—Oh, my heart! dost thou love still the foot that tramples thee? (*covers her face with her hands, and weeps passionately—organ in church peals—she listens, then continues more calmly*) Perhaps I have been the victim of some error, into which he may have been led designedly. His mind may have been filled with cruel prejudice. In truth, his looks and voice bespoke more of sorrow than of anger. Why did I not question him? Proud lips, why did you not beg to know the cause of his aversion? Still he may love me, and, even now, his heart, like mine, be weighed down with grief and vain regret. (*the organ again peals*) My soul is calmed by the holy mystery of those sounds. (*the organ ceases—she goes to church window, and listens*) There are voices speaking in the church, as if a marriage were being solemnized. Two hearts, long suffering from the anger of men, perhaps, are being bound with the blessing of the priest. I bless them, too. Let me look upon them—the happy ones. (*going to the door, R., and gently opening it*) I am alone—no one can see me. (*cautiously looking in, then suddenly rushing to the front, uttering a low, wild cry*) Where am I?—do I dream? 'Tis he! 'tis he! (*raising her hands towards heaven, vehemently*) Just Heaven!—I call back my benediction! Let no blessing rest on such a perjurer's head! A knife for vengeance!—blood! blood! (*rushes wildly towards the church door, but stops suddenly*) No! no! "Thou shalt not judge!"—'tis the written law! (*crosses over to the broken column, L.*) I judge him not. Deal with this Christian, Heaven. (*raising her hand, and resting against the column with the other*) I accuse, but judge not.

Enter JOSEPH from the church doors R.—carries OLD MARTHA'S rosary in his hand.

JOS. (C.). One moment alone, or I shall faint. The sight of so many smiling faces about me is insupportable! The good priest's words sound like grim mockery; while through one of the windows of the church I seemed to see an angry face looking down on me, and a cry seemed to ring in my ears.

DEBOR. (*moving towards him*). Seemed!

JOS. (*shrinking back—astounded*). Deborah!

DEBOR. (C.). It is I!

JOS. (R. C., *tremblingly*). What would you?

DEBOR. (*passionately*). What would I?

JOS. Oh, Deborah!

DEBOR. (*indignantly*). Silence! thrice perjured! Can it be possible that you are he whom I loved? You!—are those blanched features the same that I once gazed on, from their refulgence drinking great draughts of love? No, no, no! In these features there is no light, no beauty! they are vile, distorted—void of Heaven's impress! You are a clod of earth—a base clod, disgracing the divine form in which you were fashioned.

JOS. Deborah, you have no right to use such words to me. Remember who first betrayed—

DEBOR. Betrayed?

JOS. Remember the money!

DEBOR. Money?

JOS. The money my father sent to you, and which you accepted.

DEBOR. Money sent to me—for what purpose?

JOS. To induce you to depart.

DEBOR. Ha! (*slowly, and with a bitter solemnity*). Your father sent me money to induce me to depart—you knew this, and suffered it to be done.

JOS. I would have pledged my soul that you would have refused.

DEBOR. You permitted this thing to be done?

JOS. I was obliged.

DEBOR. (*weeping with anger*). Wretch! Infamous Christian! Could the Jewess claim of you no moment's doubt? Was she not even worthy of being questioned? (*with a choking voice*) This is your pure religion! (*throwing herself upon her knees*) God of my fathers, forgive me my transgression! I had forsaken Thee to worship an idol of love. (*rising*) A hollow image made of basest earth! Earthly love is fleeting, faithless, and sinful! but vengeance is eternal—infinite. (*gazing upwards with a rapt expression.*)

JOS. Rave on! such wild words shake the last link of your fetters from my heart. Yet, Heaven is my witness; if I have done wrong, I would repair my fault.

DEBOR. (*fiercely and contemptuously*). With money? Do you not know the written law of the forefathers of my race? "An eye for an eye." For me the law says—a heart for a heart!

JOS. Beware! beware! I may have wronged you—but unknowingly. Beware you wrong me not with wild excess of self-blinding hatred.

DEBOR. Excess of hatred! Excess! (*with prophetic fervor*) Thou shalt not bear false witness—and thou hast. Thou shalt not break thine oath—and thou hast? Thou shalt not steal—and thou hast stolen my heart. Thou shalt do no murder—and thou hast killed my virgin love. It is the law of our life to hate things hateful; say, within what limits shall my hatred of you avoid excess?

JOS. (*imploringly*). Deborah!

DEBOR. (*with increased vehemence*). I suffered your words to be as a spell upon my soul. I turned my back upon the whole world to follow you. Mark! The blind old man, whose few steps towards the grave were lessened in number by your falsehood—the feeble mother, who by your lying words was left untended—the unsheltered infant who, through your faithlessness, was left to languish—may each waylay your steps by day, and hover about your pillow by night. Like my race, may you be a wanderer upon the face of the earth.

JOS. Have mercy, Deborah.

DEBOR. (*taking no heed of the appeal*). May you suffer insult, as we suffer it. Accursed be the ground you cultivate; may it be sterile; or, may it bear, and may its promises be as false as yours have been. If you have children, may they pine before your eyes like the babe of the Jewish woman whom I deserted for you. In all things, be you accursed. And, as to Ebal Israel thrice cried, so I cry thrice—Amen! Amen! Amen! (*she raises her arms prophetically*—JOSEPH, who has appeared crushed by this terrible malediction, makes an appealing gesture, but shrinks back in terror) I have done. (*dropping her arms*) Awhile, I shall wander a beggar; but in a few years I shall return to reap the harvest of sorrow I have sown! (*snatching the rosary from JOSEPH*) This necklace shall serve to keep the reckoning of my hatred till my return! Live! and await my coming! (*turns from him and goes out slowly, L.*)

JOS. (*calling after her*). Deborah! Deborah! (*he staggers a few paces towards her, then falls senseless.*)

Enter ANNA, LORENZ, the PASTOR, &c., from the church door, R. ANNA screams and rushes to JOSEPH, kneels, and raises his head—Picture.

Five years supposed to elapse between the Second and Third Acts.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the SCHOOLMASTER'S House. Same as Scene 1, Acts II. A table and easy chair, c., another chair, L. C.*

The SCHOOLMASTER discovered seated at table, reading. He appears haggard, and ten or twelve years older than in the preceding Act.

S. MAST. (*pushing the book from him and passing his hand over his eyes tremulously*). I cannot fix my attention even for a few minutes! Nothing can turn my mind from that one haunting terrible idea. Four times the day has come and gone and the Jew that knows my secret has not come back to yell the deadly word "Apostate" in my neighbors' ears! But the fifth anniversary approaches, and my soul trembles within me! A thousand times my fear whispers wildly in my ears—"Fly! fly, or you are lost!" A stranger's face in the broad sunlight strikes me as with palsy, and over my pillow in the dark night rolls, like far off thunder coming nearer, nearer, the echo of that old man's voice crying—"Apostate!" I dare not even pray for mercy, for the the fiend of prejudice that waits near, ready to tear me limb from limb, has been nurtured by myself! But what shall I do? What can I do? Is madness my only hope, or suicide my only security against discover-? (*starting wildly from his seat*) Who's there?

Enter OLD MARTHA, witch-like with age, L.

MAR. 'Tis I, neighbor.

S. MAST. Good-day, Martha. Be seated.

MAR. (*darkly, seating herself*). Have you been abroad to-day, School-master?

S. MAST. No. Why do you ask?

MAR. Has any one told you the news?

S. MAST. The news?

MAR. Do you remember that five years ago a party of Jews—

S. MAST. (*clutching the arms of his chair convulsively*). Jews!

MAR. Don't you remember a woman of that accursed race that wound her toils about young Joseph, our Burgomaster's son!

S. MAST. I—I do recall. But what—what of this woman? (*aside*) She was of the party—Deborah!

MAR. In the next valley there is at this moment a Jewish encampment—

S. MAST. Ha! (*trembling violently*.)

MAR. Neighbor, you may well tremble.

S. MAST. Tremble, Martha?

MAR. Yes, as I do, with indignation at this open profanation of our land.

S. MAST. (*wiping his brow*). Yes, yes. Have these execrable pests been seen by any of our neighbors?

MAR. By several who have crossed the hills since last night.

S. MAST. Are they a small band?

MAR. So they tell me. But large or small—

S. MAST. Was there seen amongst them—a—blind man?

MAR. I do not know; but this I saw with my own eyes, as I passed the churchyard wall this morning, after matins: I saw a woman prowling amongst the graves——

S. MAST. And that woman was——

MAR. The Jewess Deborah! I would have gone back to the Pastor or to the Burgomaster, but I put no trust in them when Jews are concerned; and therefore I come to you, Schoolmaster who I know, abhor the race as all good Christians must.

S. MAST. (*rising and moving to c.*) Yes, yes, you have done well, Martha. (*aside*) My soul is leaving me! The dreaded danger stalks towards me, and I can neither fly nor dare it! (*pacing to and fro.*)

MAR. They must be driven from our district. even with fire and sword, if need be—these pestiferous Jews!

S. MAST. They must—they shall, Martha!

MAR. And since our priest and magistrate are wanting in sense of Christian duty, we must act for ourselves.

S. MAST. We'll have no Jews near us.

MAR. To poison our wells, and kidnap our infants for sacrifice in their unholy rites.

S. MAST. Go you, Martha, and gather together the neighbors.

MAR. I'll go at once. I knew you'd counsel that. You are an undefiled Christian, Schoolmaster; but corruption is spreading here amongst us, when our priests and magistrates permit themselves to tolerate the presence of these Jewish abominations even for an hour!

S. MAST. Go, Martha, we'll clear the district.

MAR. With fire and sword if they resist!

S. MAST. Yes, yes. Go, Martha, while I cross the hill to find out whereabouts they have dared to pitch their camp. Go, go!

MAR. My old limbs grow young again! We'll scourge these unclean vagabonds, and make them remember the day they dared to come into this Christian district. We will!

[*Exit, L.*]

S. MAST. (*sinking back into his chair*). The woman Deborah, whose hatred I may have won by thwarting her five years ago!—to whom the old man, Abraham, may have told my secret! My terrors have but forerun my danger. Oh, there must be an end to this increasing torment! My soul revolts from violence, but my safety—my life is at stake—and this woman holds my fate at a word of hers! (*rising listlessly and pacing up and down*) For fifteen years of worldly comfort I have paid a fearful price—five years of torture! Agostate! Oh, could I buy back the past, or drown the echo of that dreadful word henceforth and for ever! But let me think, nor waste what strength I have in fighting with shadows. Yes, I will go to their encampment, and if I find her there, question her, and by her answers guess how much it is likely she may know concerning me. If she knows me!—then? I dare not think what then! But she must not speak that dreadful word in any other's ear. She must not! she must not! (*he hurries out, R., in trembling excitement.*)

SCENE II.—*The Border of a Pine Forest, on the River Mur. Evening.*

A party of JEWISH EMIGRANTS (men, old and young, women and children) discovered encamped; packages, bundles, &c., scattered about the scene. The party are breaking up their encampment, and, while getting their things together, sing the following

CHORUS.

Fare thee well! Oh, fare thee well!

We hush the sigh, we quench the tear;

Dear fatherland, we part from thee,
 But still, in memory thou'lt be near;
 For though between us and our home,
 There stretch a dark and stormy main,
 Howe'er so far our footsteps roam,
 In thought we're back with thee again!
 Fare thee well! Oh, fare thee will!

Enter DEBORAH, L., enveloped in a dark cloak—she walks with tottering steps—worn and pale, but as if sustained by her determined will—she has the rosary wound about her right arm, and is followed by REUBEN, a traveller's wallet slung at his back, and staff in his hand.

REUBEN (*calling as he enters*). Deborah! stay!

DEBOR. (C.). Why do you follow my steps?

REUB. (L. C.). Why are you seeking to leave our party, Deborah? The ship that is to take us from this land, where we are outcasts, awaits us—are you not going with us?

DEBOR. The future is not in my hands. I have something to do before I quit this Christian land—favored by Heaven with all bounties of prosperity, but banned with heart-corrosion of uncharitableness!

REUB. I know your special wrongs, Deborah.

DEBOR. Stay with our people, Reuben.

REUB. But come with us, leave the place, and in a far-off land forget—

DEBOR. Forget! Leave me, good Reuben! Five years have passed since last I set foot upon this spot of Christian ground. I have counted the months upon this vile necklace: (*holding up the rosary*) each bead is the record of a curse! I'll not depart till I have stood before him eye to eye, and seen him cowering in the dust, stricken by the lightnings of my just wrath! I will look upon him writhing under the scorching sting of a demon-haunted conscience! I will look upon the ruins of his faithless house, shattered by the thunders of my malediction! Like the avenging angel will I once more stand before him, and shout in his ears a word that shall thrill upon his soul like the dread note of the last trumpet—"Deborah!" And then—then I will pass on my way!

REUB. Oh! give up this dreadful purpose, Deborah, and come with your people to a new world, where you may find peace—and even a new love!

DEBOR. Go, go! You understand me not—leave me!

REUB. But you will overtake us on the road?

DEBOR. Guide those who are with you towards the sea-shore; leave me to my destiny.

REUB. On the sea-shore you will join us!

DEBOR. If I live. Farewell! (*she waves him off, and totters slowly out, R.—REUBEN watches her sadly, then exits L., followed by the rest of the EMIGRANTS.*)

SCENE III.—A Wood Path—Evening.

Enter ROSE and PETER, L.

PETER. Rose!

ROSE. Yes, Peter!

PETER. I've had something to say to you for a long time past, Rose.

ROSE. Have you, Peter?

PETTR. Yes, I've been going so say it for years!

ROSE. How strange ! I never supposed you had anything you wanted to say to me, Peter !

PETER. Rose !

ROSE. Yes, Peter !

PETER. Did you ever remark what a many people there are who get married, Rose ?

ROSE. No, Peter ! but—now you mention it

PETER. Oh ! it's a fact, I assure you, Rose !

ROSE. Lor ! how strange I never noticed it

PETER. Rose !

ROSE. Yes, Peter !

PETER. What I was going to say was—was—

ROSE. Yes, Peter !

PETER. Was that—I suppose there must be some reason why everybody seems to like to get married.

ROSE. It would seem strange, otherwise—wouldn't it, Peter ?

PETER. I've often and often thought I should like—

ROSE (*demurely*). Yes, Peter !

PETER. To—to—ask you—what you think is the reason why everybody gets married ?

ROSE. I'm—I'm sure I don't know, Peter !

PETER. Ah ! Well, then, it's of no consequence. Only I thought I'd just asked you the question.

ROSE. You've nothing else to asked me, Peter

PETER. Well—no ; I think not, just at present !

ROSE. Peter !

PETER. Yes, Rose !

ROSE. I want to ask your advice, Peter. You know my cousin Fritz—the tall gamekeeper ! he comes to church every Sunday, and stays in the village always for an hour or two—

PETER. Yes, I know him ; and I know that the girls all hang about him like bees about a flower bed. But for my part, I think that a fellow who stands six feet six in his stocking—

ROSE. Oh ! but he's good looking as well as tall !

PETER. Then I am glad to say I don't see him with other people's eyes ! and if girls like scaffold poles—in my opinion, they deserve no pity if they break their necks in climbing up to kiss them !

ROSE. Lor ! Peter, how can you say such dreadful things ?

PETER. Because your cousin Fritz is—because I hate tall men !

ROSE. Well, Peter, it's fortunate we are not all of the same way of thinking. What I wanted to consult you about was this, Peter. Cousin Fritz—

PETER. Look here, Rose ; I don't want to hear anything about your cousin Fritz ; he's not a man I like.

ROSE. But he's very fond of me, Peter ; he told me so on Sunday last.

PETER. Fond of you, Rose !

ROSE. Yes, Peter.

PETER. No matter—go on.

ROSE. Well, he asked me, as we were coming through this very wood—

PETER. Rose, what did that scaffold-pole of a fellow dare to ask you ?

ROSE. I hardly like to tell you, Peter.

PETER. Rose ! look here—

ROSE. Yes, Peter.

PETER. It doesn't signify—go on.

ROSE. Well, Peter, he said as *you* didn't seem inclined to—to settle, he thought I'd better—

PETER. Rose, I don't know what it was he told you you'd "better;" but the first time I see him speaking again to you, I'll punch his head—if I have to do it out of a second-floor window!

ROSE. Lor, Peter! he only said that if it wasn't convenient for you to marry me, I'd better marry him, and have done with it.

PETER. And have done with it! Look here, Rose, there's something I've long been going to say to you.

ROSE. Yes, Peter.

PETER. And that is——

ROSE. Yes, Peter.

PETER. If you wouldn't mind going with me at once to the Pastor—it's a little out of the way.

ROSE. I'm not at all tired, Peter.

PETER. Very well. In the meantime, look here, Rose. After we are married——

ROSE. Ma—married, Peter!

PETER. Mark my words, Rose. Tha tall cousin of yours is never to come into my house!

ROSE. When we are ma-married, Peter.

PETER. I'll have no scaffold-poles driving their heads through my ceilings—remember that. And now I've said it!

ROSE. Yes, dear Peter!

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Farm-yard, same as Scene 5, Act I.; a well with a bucket and horn drinking-cup, L. 3 E.; two rustic stools near house door, R.; fiery sunset, striking upon the waters of the stream and upon the hill-side.*

Enter LORENZ and the PASTOR, from the house, R.

PAS. (*crossing to L. C.*). I know that Joseph's heart is in the good work, so that I have no doubt all that can be done will be done.

LOR. (*C.*). Depend upon that, Pastor. My boy's last words as he rode away from the gate yonder were—If I can't get what I want from the underlings, father, I'll find my way into the presence of the Emperor himself! And he'll do it!

PAS. Heaven prosper him! For, neighbor, I, a Christian minister, feel weary and heart-fallen at the barbarous antipathy of my flock against the Jews, our fellow-creatures, whatever their creed. Fanaticism and the teaching of our true religion can never go together; fire and water are not more opposed. Therefore, for the sake of those whom Heaven has placed in our charge, I pray that Joseph may return empowered by the Imperial Government to give the rights of shelter and protection to these poor wayfarers on the road of life—and purge my misguided flock from the sin of treating their fellow-men like soulless beasts or reptiles of the earth!

LOR. With Heaven's help this shame shall gradually be wiped off! But we must move cautiously, Pastor. Sudden changes——

PAS. Will merely set up one evil in displacing another. But before we form any plans, we must have Joseph's report. Should he return this evening, you'll let me know how he has fared?

LOR. I'll send over for you at once, Pastor.

PAS. Good-by, then, in the hope of seeing you again before the day is done.

[*Exit, L.*]

LOR. (*C.*). It will be a noble work for my boy to have done, if he succeeds. When I think of what took place five years ago, and of what might happen at any hour, while the barbarous laws of a bygone time remain in force, I blush to be bound by my magisterial oath! I know,

too, that my boy looks upon what he is doing as a sort of expiation. (ANNA, *leading her child, appears on the hill-side path, and descends by the open gate at back*) Ha! my Anna, and my little empress! (*holding open his arms to the child, who runs into them; he lifts her and kisses her fondly.*)

CHILD. See, grandfather! I've picked you a basket of strawberries.

LOR. All for me?

CHILD. Yes; you must eat them every one.

LOR. Then there'll very soon be a new election for the office of Burgomaster.

ANNA (L. c.). No news of Joseph yet, father?

LOR. Not yet, my darling; but don't be uneasy. He may have had to travel further than we anticipated.

ANNA. I cannot help feeling somewhat uneasy. He has been gone nine days.

LOR. Never doubt, my Anna; he has gone upon an errand of charity, and Heaven will watch over his safety.

ANNA. Heaven hear my prayers! I will try and conquer my uneasiness. Meantime, father, Frantz, the locksmith, whom I met on the other side of the hill, tells me that he saw a party of Jews—old men, women and children—down by the river Mur; he thinks they are emigrating to America, and are on their way to the sea-coast. It would be a charitable act, father, if you would load the little cart with a barrel of wine and some bread, and take it to these poor people for their supper.

LOR. It would make you feel happier?

ANNA. It would indeed, father.

LOR. I'll do it then, with all my heart, darling. (*to CHILD*) Come along, Empress! and feed me with strawberries, while I load the cart, so that no time may be lost in ridding society of a week-stomached old Burgomaster. [*Exit, trotting playfully with CHILD into house, R*]

ANNA (c.). Dear Joseph—husband!—what can detain him so long from his wife and child? Can any misfortune have befallen him? I tremble. Misfortune!—yes; I know that it hangs over us, even at the moment when prosperity smiles most benignly upon us. That poor woman's curse haunts us, spectre-like I know it, by the trembling vehemence with which my husband clutches me and his child to his heart, to shield us from the danger ever visible to his eyes! In Heaven alone is our protection—in Heaven, that can turn aside a doom pronounced by mortal lips, even though justice has dictated the sentence. Five years have passed, and no ill has followed the unhappy woman's curse; she has no more been seen. Perhaps—

Enter DEBORAH, L., her cloak drawn closely about her

A poor beggar woman! (*feeling in her pocket.*)

DEBOR. (L. *aside*). His house! and this, no doubt, his wife. Be firm, my heart.

ANNA (*going to her pityingly*). Take this, my poor woman.

DEBOR. Money! put it out of my sight. I want not mone

ANNA. You want food perhaps?

DEBOR. I want no food.

ANNA. You are thirsty then

DEBOR. (*darkly*). Yes; I thirst! I thirst.

ANNA. Poor soul! Drink, then, at the well here. Stay—you are feeble; I will fetch you a draught of water. (*goes to the well and draws water.*)

DEBOR. A fair house with Heaven's light smiling upon it, as if it were a temple for the worship of Heaven's own love and peace and justice! yet from its door he drove me a supplicant for bare justice! here, upon this

spot he dashed my heart, then set his cruel heel upon it as he turned to her! to her! to this woman before my dazed eyes, smiling and happy! Happy? Ha! until the fruit is broken upon, who can tell what cankerous worm is eating at the heart!

ANNA (*bringing cup of water*). Drink, poor soul, it will refresh you.

DEBOR. (*wildly*). Leave me.

ANNA. You are ill. (*taking her by the hand*) Your hand is burning! Come, let me lead you to a seat. (*leads her to a bench running along the side of the house, R.*)

DEBOR. Are you alone in the house?

ANNA. Yes! my father has gone to assist some poor emigrant Jews.

DEBOR. Where is *he*?

ANNA. I do not know whom you mean.

DEBOR. *He*!

ANNA. My husband? (*sighing*) He is from home.

DEBOR. (*rising with fierce joy*). From home! He has left you! There's justice upon earth after all! (*moves to C., followed by ANNA*) Have you children? How many?

ANNA. But one, a little girl—

DEBOR. And he has left you both!

ANNA. Oh, Heaven! good woman, if you know anything—

DEBOR. I know nothing—nothing but that he has left his wife and child?

ANNA. You tremble, you are ill!

DEBOR. Ill? (*triumphantly*) No! My sickness passes! Your words are healing medicine! Tell me how long he has been away from his wife and child!

ANNA. Nine days, but—

DEBOR. Nine days! and you know not where he is gone?

ANNA (*surprised yet soothingly*). I do not understand your questions.

DEBOR. Do you not? He has been gone nine days, and you have no suspicion?—no fear?

ANNA. What should I fear? I know the business on which he went from home, and Heaven will watch over him.

DEBOR. You know not that. What, if his horse were frightened by the lightning's flash, and threw him to the earth? What, if the bridge he's crossing sinks beneath him? What, if an unseen hand should strike him dead, in the depths of the forest?

ANNA. Cease, woman! how dare you say such things to terrify me? Leave this place, I command you.

DEBOR. (*aside*). My courage rises again! she drives me forth. (*darkly*) So be it! so be it! (*going towards gate at back.*)

ANNA (*following her*). Stay, stay! I was wrong—very wrong to speak harshly to you. You are ill, and I ought to have remembered that. Remain here to-night. Sleep will strengthen you, and in the morning—Ha! (*looking off joyously, L*) 'tis he!

[*Rushes off, L.*—DEBORAH hides herself behind one of the stacks, L.]

Enter JOSEPH, L., booted and spurred, as if he had come off a journey, his arm round ANNE'S waist.

JOS. (C.). All safe and well, dearest?

ANNA. Thank Heaven!

JOS. And—our child?

ANNA (*running to house door, R.*). Here! quick, darling! Papa's come back.

Enter CHILD, from house door.

CHILD. Dear papa! (*rushing into his arms*) Have you brought me back anything pretty!

JOS. (*kissing her again and again*). Two saddle-bags full!

CHILD. Oh, that is good of you. Where are your saddle-bags?

JOS. Give me ten kisses, and I'll tell you. (*the CHILD kisses him*) That last wasn't half a one! (*CHILD kisses him again*.)

CHILD. Now tell me.

JOS. Well, go round to the stable and tell old Moritz he's to undo all the buckles for you, and—— [*CHILD runs off, R.*]

Ha, ha, ha! if love were only always as transparent and honest as a child! Do you love me still—after nine days' absence?

ANNA. As I have always loved you—absent or near—with all my heart.

JOS. (*embracing her*). Heaven bless you! Where is my father? (*they seat themselves on two rustic stools, c.*)

ANNA. He has gone into the valley by the Mur, to take food to some poor travellers. But tell me where you have been.

JOS. I've been all the way to Vienna, for finding that at Gratz their old-fashioned routine was interminable, I boldly determined to spur right on to the Emperor's palace.

ANNA. And did you gain admission?

JOS. Oh, yes! You walk into the palace, as into a church. And when, at his gracious bidding, I told the Emperor I had come to ask for protection for poor persecuted Jews, he laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said—"Good friend, they are my subjects equally with my Christian children, and whoever befriends my subjects, befriends me. You shall have all the authority you need."

ANNA. Heaven bless his reign.

JOS. So cried I, as I kissed his imperial hand, and rode joyously homeward. Oh, my love! if I have earned the right to put off from my heart the weight that has so longed rested on it——

ANNA. Dear husband! look around, and see how manifest is Heaven's care of us.

JOS. Yes; all that meets the eye is stamped with Heaven's own smile of favor. No thunderbolt has laid my house in ruins; no pestilence has robbed me of my wife; no blight has withered the healthy vigor of my child.

ANNA. Joseph! of what are you speaking?

JOS. (*burying his face in his hands*). Of the curse—the malediction called down upon my head by Deborah.

ANNA. A thousand lips, since then, have blessed you; and, from this day, her whole race will pray for you.

JOS. Oh, my pure, beloved wife, it is now, not at her curse that I tremble; but at her pale, grief-stricken face, that so often appears to me, and seems to say, "I have pardoned thee." Could I but only once more see her—could I but kneel before, and pour my tears upon her hands—I might, then, feel that I had expiated the wrong I had blindly done her, and my heart regain its lost peace.

ANNA (*eagerly*). Dear husband! hear me; a thought inspired by Heaven, perhaps, has come into my head. Amongst the Jewish emigrants whom our father has gone to assist, some tidings may be gained of her—of Deborah. Oh, Joseph, if you can find her, bring her here into the bosom of our family—she shall be my sister!

JOS. My Anna!

ANNA. Stay! the poor beggar-woman, who was here just now, may be

one of these unfortunates, and may be able to tell us something about her we seek.

JOS. A beggar-woman?

ANNA. Yes, she was ill and weary, and I bade her rest herself here to-night. No doubt she has gone into the house. Let us seek her. Come, and Heaven aid us to find the poor lost one. *(they both rise.)*

JOS. Amen!

[Exeunt into house, R.]

DEBOR. *(coming from her hiding-place, L.)* Eternal Heaven! The icy bands that held my heart firm are thawing! My heart! it beats—beats with the life of bygone days! *(bursting into a passionate fit of weeping)* To what wouldst thou humble me, oh Heaven! No, no! I love no longer as I once loved! The golden book is closed—the sacrifice upon the altar is consumed! In my heart a flame still burns—unquenchable; a sister's love! No, Anna, no! I will not stay to be a constant shadow on the bright face of your happiness! My people wait for me; their home upon a distant shore shall be my home, so long as Heaven ordains that I shall need an earthly shelter. *(looking around her and raising her hands)* Farewell! *(CHILD comes from the house door)* His child! Oh! fear me not—fear me not, dear child!

CHILD. Are you the poor woman papa is looking for?

DEBOR. *(c., kneeling, and encircling the CHILD tenderly, while she puts back its hair from its face)* His very image! What is your name?

CHILD. Deborah!

DEBOR. All-seeing Heaven! pity—pity—and forgive me! *(she weeps passionately)* Do not fear me, sweet!

CHILD. Perhaps you know the other Deborah?

DEBOR. What do you know of the other Deborah, dear child?

CHILD. Papa and mamma often speak of her.

DEBOR. Heaven bless them!

CHILD. And I say a little prayer for her every night!

DEBOR. *(kissing her with wild and boundless tenderness, and unwinding the rosary from her arm)* Dearest, dearest child! take this!

CHILD. Oh! what a beautiful rosary! I'll take it to mamma! *(runs into house, R.)*

DEBOR. Bless you! *(turns away, then turns and raises her hands towards the house as if invoking a blessing)* Bless all beneath this roof! *(she hurries with broken steps through the gate at back, and seeing ANNA enter from the house, crouches for a moment behind the railings.)*

Enter ANNA, JOSEPH, and the CHILD.

CHILD. The poor woman gave it me, mamma!

ANNA *(c.)*. Where is she, child?

JOS. *(taking the rosary from ANNA'S hand, and looking at it closely)*. Great Heaven, Anna!—Deborah!

ANNA *(looking at the rosary)*. Deborah!

DEBOR. *(at back)*. Yes, Deborah! whose vengeance love has conquered! Who blesses you and bids you farewell until we meet again, where all is peace and love! *(she once more raises her hands—at that moment a murmur of voices coming rapidly nearer is heard, L., and the SCHOOLMASTER appears on the path on the hill-side at back—he sees DEBORAH, makes a gesticulation of terror and hurries down towards her—DEBORAH comes forward to c.)*

S. MAST. *(wildly)*. What—what do you here, Jewess, in this Christian village?

DEBOR. Stand from my path, and leave me to go my way in peace!

Enter a crowd of VILLAGERS, men and women, L., in the midst of whom is
OLD MARTHA.

MAR. (L.). See, neighbors! see! I told you we should find here one of the abominable tribe! (*murmurs*) Seize her, Schoolmaster.

DEBOR. Touch me not—apostate!

S. MAST. (*shrieking*). She lies! she lies! do not listen to her lying tongue!

DEBOR. I speak the truth—Nathan, son of Nathan, the Jew of Presburg!

S. MAST. (*wildly*). Silence! (*plunging his hand into his breast*) She's mad! Neighbors, heed not her words!—she's mad! (*movement of amazement in the crowd.*)

DEBOR. Hypocrite! deserter of his aged father! disgrace of Israel!

S. MAST. (*frantically*). I am lost! Woman!—die! (*he suddenly, scarcely seeming to know what he is doing, plunges a knife into her bosom, then, after looking wildly around for a moment rushes up the hill-path, reaching the top at the moment LORENZ and two PEASANTS appear at the brow of the hill.*)

JOS. (*who has rushed forward and caught DEBORAH in his arms*). Seize him! Seize the murderer! (*general movement.*)

S. MAST. (*seeing no way of escape*). Lost! lost!

He springs from the rocky edge of the path into the stream—a cry of horror from all—the PASTOR enters hurriedly and crosses to JOSEPH, who is supporting DEBORAH—DEBORAH takes ANNA'S hand and places it, with JOSEPH'S, upon her heart, then raises her other hand towards heaven and dies—ANNA sinks upon her knees, the CHILD kneeling by her side—the PASTOR reverently takes off his hat, and the CROWD do the same—OLD MARTHA sinks upon her knees, and buries her face in her hands—LORENZ remains upon the hill-side, hat in hand, a wondering spectator—the curtain descends slowly.

CURTAIN.

SYNOPSIS.

THE first act opens on a quiet rural hamlet—the rustic cottage—the humble church—the village green. The PASTOR and his niece ANNA enter through a crowd of the villagers; they are conversing about the cruel persecution at that time visited upon the Jews, when LORENZ, the Burgomaster, and the village SCHOOLMASTER enter, they are talking about the absence of JOSEPH, the son of LORENZ, from the church services. ANNA begins to relate to her uncle that, while going on an errand of charity to a poor parishioner, she met with a poor, half-famished woman, pressing a little child to her breast. They looked so wretched that she gave the bread and milk she was carrying to the woman. Then she asked the poor creature of what nation she was, and she cried, "I am a Jewess!" The SCHOOLMASTER at this grew very restless. The woman continued to say that she and her friends had been expelled from Hungary. ANNA then begged LORENZ to permit the poor woman to come into the village until her present wants were relieved. At this, the SCHOOLMASTER, who was much excited, protested against a Jewess being allowed in their midst. In the heat of the discussion, the PASTOR again joins them; he is surrounded by the peasants, headed by OLD MARTHA, clamorous for the expulsion of the Jews from the neighborhood. At this moment, DEBORAH rushes in, followed by a howling crowd. The SCHOOLMASTER scowls at her, and sneaks away, trembling with terror. ANNA takes DEBORAH'S hand, and asks if she seeks bread. To which the affrighted Jewess replies:

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ACT II.

Foot of Monument Rock, Black Canon.

Midnight in the Black Canon—The Vigilantes—Bring on the prisoner—The accusation—"I am innocent!"—The trial—Circumstantial evidence—A blackleg's oath—Ruth's testimony—Lynch law—Jimmie to the rescue—The noose cut—The escape.

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Tom Dalton with song—Spriggs the bard—"Is it loaded?"—Mrs. Fireworks—"Fire away"—The sheriff in disguise—The papers in the case—Andrews appears—The plot thickens—The explosion in the mine—"Who will save them!"—"No man can!"—"Then a woman will!"—Andrews the hero.

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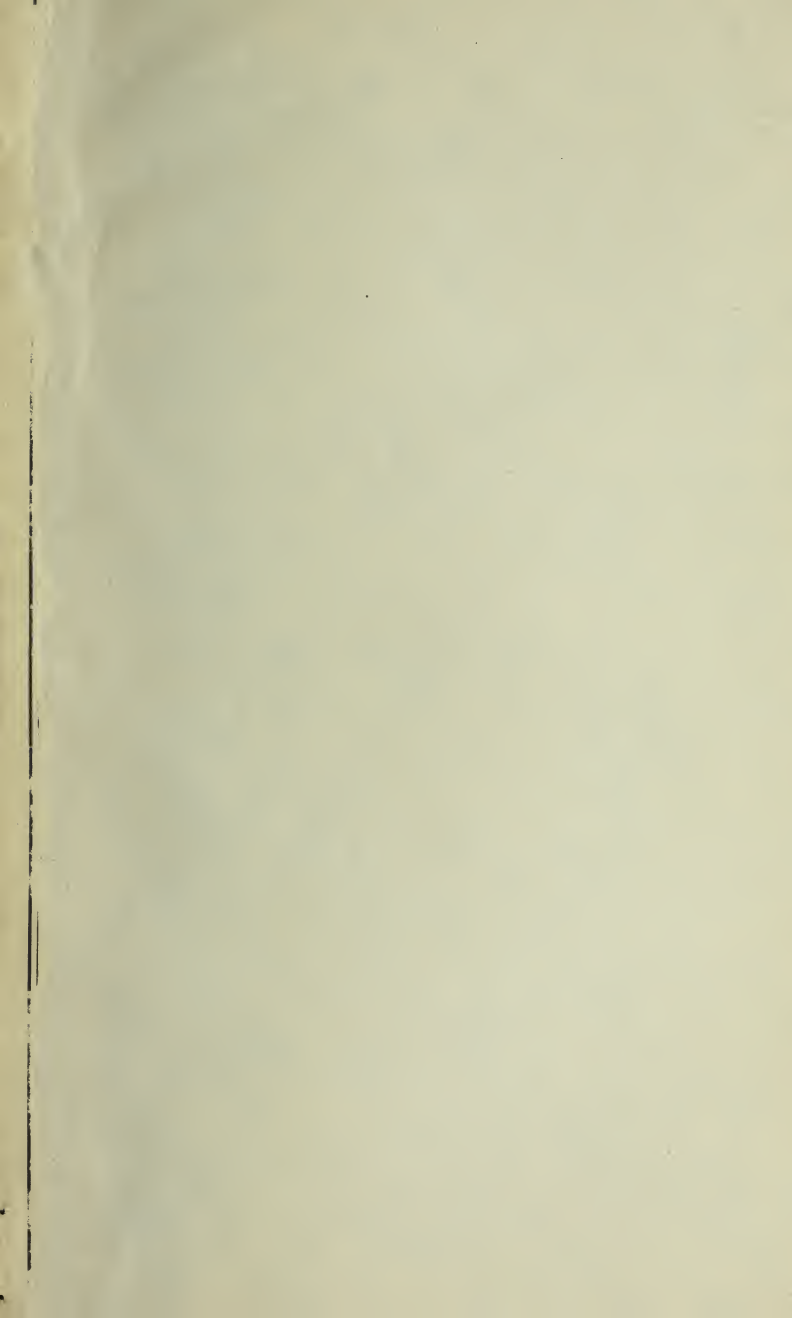
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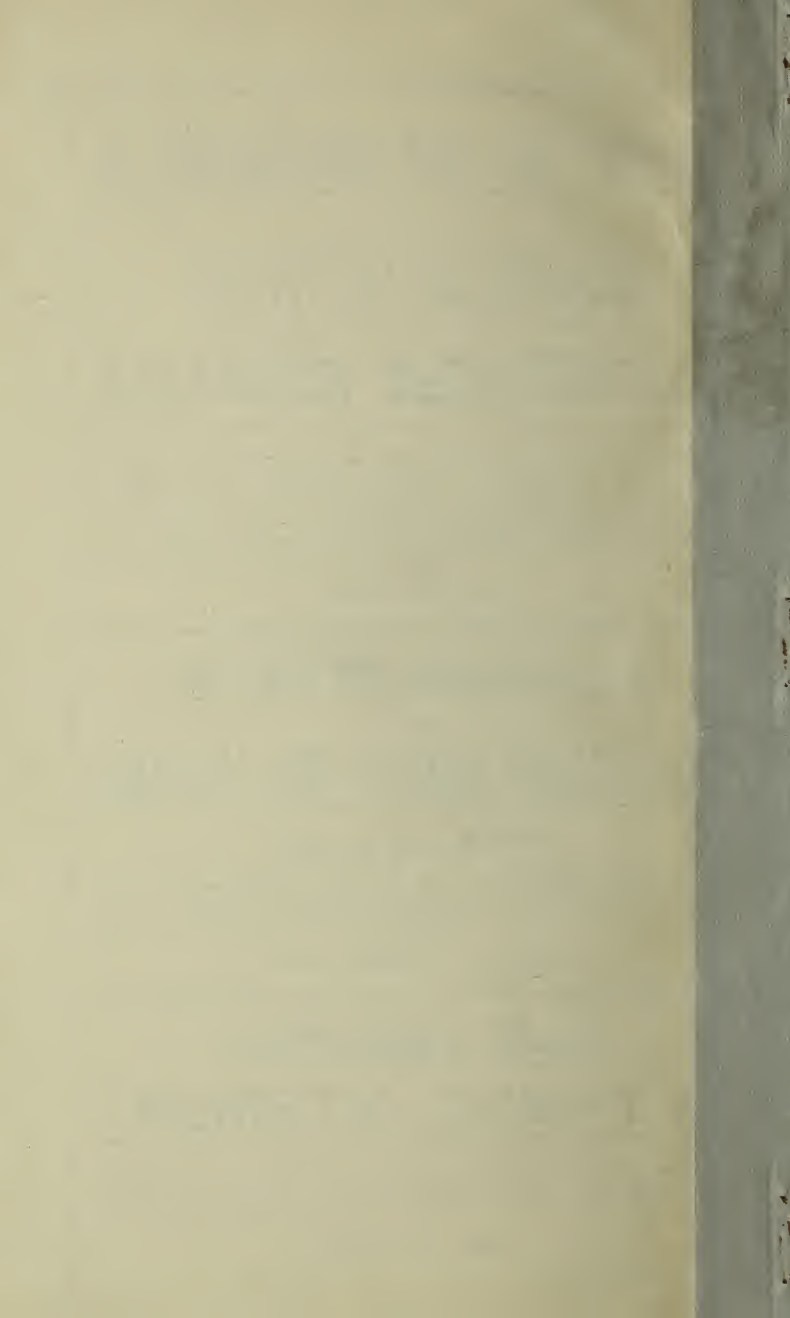
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